



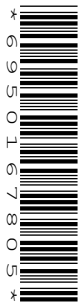
Oxford Cambridge and RSA

# A Level English Literature

H472/02 Comparative and contextual study

**Tuesday 12 June 2018 – Afternoon**

**Time allowed: 2 hours and 30 minutes**



**You must have:**

- the OCR 12-page Answer Booklet (OCR12 sent with general stationery)

## INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink.
- Answer **two** questions from the topic you have chosen.
- Write your answers in the Answer Booklet. The question number(s) must be clearly shown.
- Do **not** write in the barcodes.

## INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **60**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [ ].
- This document consists of **16** pages.

Answer **two** questions from the topic you have chosen.

**American Literature 1880–1940**

Answer **Question 1**.

Then answer **one** question from **2(a), 2(b) or 2(c)**. You should spend 1 hour and 15 minutes on each question.

- 1** Write a critical appreciation of this passage, relating your discussion to your reading of American Literature 1880–1940. **[30]**

They lived near Greenwich Village, and March liked strolling through its quaintness toward the waterside on a Sunday, when a hereditary Sabbatarianism<sup>1</sup> kept his wife at home; he made her observe that it even kept her at home from church. He found a lingering quality of pure Americanism in the region, and he said the very bells called to worship in a nasal tone. He liked the streets of small brick houses, with here and there one painted red, and the mortar lines picked out in white, and with now and then a fine wooden portal of fluted pillars and a bowed transom. The rear of the tenement-houses showed him the picturesqueness of clothes-lines fluttering far aloft, as in Florence; and the new apartment-houses, breaking the old sky-line with their towering stories, implied a life as alien to the American manner as anything in continental Europe. In fact, foreign faces and foreign tongues prevailed in Greenwich Village, but no longer German or even Irish tongues or faces. The eyes and earrings of Italians twinkled in and out of the alleyways and basements, and they seemed to abound even in the streets, where long ranks of trucks drawn up in Sunday rest along the curbstones suggested the presence of a race of sturdier strength than theirs. March liked the swarthy, strange visages; he found nothing menacing for the future in them; for wickedness he had to satisfy himself as he could with the sneering, insolent, clean-shaven mug of some rare American of the b'hoy<sup>2</sup> type, now almost as extinct in New York as the dodo or the volunteer fireman. When he had found his way, among the ash-barrels and the groups of decently dressed church-goers, to the docks, he experienced a sufficient excitement in the recent arrival of a French steamer, whose sheds were thronged with hacks and express-wagons, and in a tacit inquiry into the emotions of the passengers, fresh from the cleanliness of Paris, and now driving up through the filth of those streets.

Some of the streets were filthier than others; there was at least a choice; there were boxes and barrels of kitchen offal on all the sidewalks, but not everywhere manure-heaps, and in some places the stench was mixed with the more savory smell of cooking. One Sunday morning, before the winter was quite gone, the sight of the frozen refuse melting in heaps, and particularly the loathsome edges of the rotting ice near the gutters, with the strata of waste-paper and straw litter, and egg-shells and orange peel, potato-skins and cigar-stumps, made him unhappy. He gave a whimsical shrug for the squalor of the neighboring houses, and said to himself rather than the boy who was with him: "It's curious, isn't it, how fond the poor people are of these unpleasant thoroughfares? You always find them living in the worst streets."

“The burden of all the wrong in the world comes on the poor,”  
said the boy. “Every sort of fraud and swindling hurts them the  
worst. The city wastes the money it’s paid to clean the streets with,  
and the poor have to suffer, for they can’t afford to pay twice, like  
the rich.”

45

William Dean Howells, *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1890)

<sup>1</sup> *Sabbatarianism*: practice of keeping Sunday as ‘the Lord’s day’ by avoiding recreational activities.

<sup>2</sup> *b’hoy*: slang word used to describe a young Irish-American man of the rough-and-tumble working class culture of Lower Manhattan.

In your answer to **Question 2**, you must compare at least **two** texts from the following list. At least one of these must be taken from the two texts given at the top of the list in bold type.

**F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby***  
**John Steinbeck: *The Grapes of Wrath***

Henry James: *The Portrait of a Lady*  
 Mark Twain: *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*  
 Theodore Dreiser: *Sister Carrie*  
 Willa Cather: *My Ántonia*  
 Edith Wharton: *The Age of Innocence*  
 William Faulkner: *The Sound and the Fury*  
 Ernest Hemingway: *A Farewell to Arms*  
 Richard Wright: *Native Son*

**Either**

**2 (a)** F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

'American literature often depicts tension between social classes.'

By comparing *The Great Gatsby* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

**Or**

**(b)** John Steinbeck: *The Grapes of Wrath*

'American literature often seeks to change the world for the better.'

By comparing *The Grapes of Wrath* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

**Or**

**(c)** 'Female characters are often depicted on the sidelines in American literature.'

By comparing at least two texts prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you have found this to be the case.

In your answer **you must include** discussion of either *The Great Gatsby* and/or *The Grapes of Wrath*.

[30]

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## The Gothic

## Answer Question 3.

Then answer **one** question from **4(a), 4(b) or 4(c)**. You should spend 1 hour and 15 minutes on each question.

- 3** Write a critical appreciation of this passage, relating your discussion to your reading of the Gothic. **[30]**

*In this extract from a Gothic novel the narrator, Laura, receives strange visitors at night.*

The precautions of nervous people are infectious, and persons of a like temperament are pretty sure, after a time, to imitate them. I had adopted Carmilla's habit of locking her bedroom door, having taken into my head all her whimsical alarms about midnight invaders and prowling assassins. I had also adopted her precaution of making a brief search through her room, to satisfy herself that no lurking assassin or robber was "ensconced."

These wise measures taken, I got into my bed and fell asleep. A light was burning in my room. This was an old habit, of very early date, and which nothing could have tempted me to dispense with.

Thus fortified I might take my rest in peace. But dreams come through stone walls, light up dark rooms, or darken light ones, and their persons make their exits and their entrances as they please, and laugh at locksmiths.

I had a dream that night that was the beginning of a very strange agony.

I cannot call it a nightmare, for I was quite conscious of being asleep.

But I was equally conscious of being in my room, and lying in bed, precisely as I actually was. I saw, or fancied I saw, the room and its furniture just as I had seen it last, except that it was very dark, and I saw something moving round the foot of the bed, which at first I could not accurately distinguish. But I soon saw that it was a sooty-black animal that resembled a monstrous cat. It appeared to me about four or five feet long for it measured fully the length of the hearthrug as it passed over it; and it continued to-ing and fro-ing with the lithe, sinister restlessness of a beast in a cage. I could not cry out, although as you may suppose, I was terrified. Its pace was growing faster, and the room rapidly darker and darker, and at length so dark that I could no longer see anything of it but its eyes. I felt it spring lightly on the bed. The two broad eyes approached my face, and suddenly I felt a stinging pain as if two large needles darted, an inch or two apart, deep into my breast. I waked with a scream. The room was lighted by the candle that burnt there all through the night, and I saw a female figure standing at the foot of the bed, a little at the right side. It was in a dark loose dress, and its hair was down and covered its shoulders. A block of stone could not have been more still. There was not the slightest stir of respiration. As I stared at it, the figure appeared to have changed its place, and was now nearer the door; then, close to it, the door opened, and it passed out.

I was now relieved, and able to breathe and move. My first thought was that Carmilla had been playing me a trick, and that I had forgotten to secure my door. I hastened to it, and found it locked as usual on the inside. I was afraid to open it--I was horrified. I sprang into my bed and covered my head up in the bedclothes, and lay there more dead than alive till morning.

J Sheridan Lefanu, *Carmilla* (1872)

In your answer to **Question 4**, you must compare at least **two** texts from the following list. At least one of these must be taken from the two texts given at the top of the list in bold type.

<p><b>Bram Stoker: <i>Dracula</i></b>  <b>Angela Carter: <i>The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories</i>*</b></p>
<p>William Beckford: <i>Vathek</i>  Ann Radcliffe: <i>The Italian</i>  Mary Shelley: <i>Frankenstein</i>  Oscar Wilde: <i>The Picture of Dorian Gray</i>  William Faulkner: <i>Light in August</i>  Cormac McCarthy: <i>Outer Dark</i>  Iain Banks: <i>The Wasp Factory</i>  Toni Morrison: <i>Beloved</i></p>

\*Candidates writing about *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories* should select material from the whole text.

**Either**

**4 (a)** Bram Stoker: *Dracula*

'Gothic writing is characterised by a fascination with death.'

Consider how far you agree with this statement by comparing *Dracula* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic.

[30]

**Or**

**(b)** Angela Carter: *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories*\*

'Gothic writing must always have the power to shock.'

By comparing *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories*\* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

**Or**

**(c)** 'A common character in Gothic writing is the isolated figure or outsider.'

Compare ways in which such figures are presented in at least two texts prescribed for this topic.

In your answer **you must include** discussion of either *Dracula* and/or *The Bloody Chamber and Other Stories*\*.

[30]

## Dystopia

## Answer Question 5.

Then answer **one question** from **6(a), 6(b) or 6(c)**. You should spend 1 hour and 15 minutes on each question.

- 5 Write a critical appreciation of this passage, relating your discussion to your reading of dystopian literature. [30]

*The passage depicts part of the 'Long Walk', an annual walking contest undertaken by 100 teenage boys, or 'Walkers', under the supervision of 'the Major'. Any boy who stops or otherwise breaks the rules is instantly shot dead; the winner is the sole survivor.*

The town itself had been swallowed, strangled, and buried. In a very real sense there was no Augusta, and there were no more fat ladies, or pretty girls, or pompous men, or wet-croched children waving puffy clouds of cotton candy. There was no bustling Italian man here to throw slices of watermelon. Only Crowd, a creature with no body, no head, no mind. Crowd was nothing but a Voice and an Eye, and it was not surprising that Crowd was both God and Mammon. Garraty felt it. He knew the others were feeling it. It was like walking between giant electrical pylons, feeling the tingles and shocks stand every hair on end, making the tongue jitter nuttily in the mouth, making the eyes seem to crackle and shoot off sparks as they rolled in their beds of moisture. Crowd was to be pleased. Crowd was to be worshiped and feared. Ultimately, Crowd was to be made sacrifice unto. 5

They plowed through ankle-deep drifts of confetti. They lost each other and found each other in a sheeting blizzard of magazine streamers. Garraty snatched a paper out of the dark and crazy air at random and found himself looking at a Charles Atlas body-building ad. He grabbed another one and was brought face-to-face with John Travolta. 15

And at the height of the excitement, at the top of the first hill on 202, overlooking the mobbed turnpike behind and the gorged and glutted town at their feet, two huge purple-white spotlights split the air ahead of them and the Major was there, drawing away from them in his jeep like an hallucination, holding his salute ramrod stiff, incredibly, fantastically oblivious of the crowd in the gigantic throes of its labor all around him. 20

And the Walkers – the strings were not broken on their emotions, only badly out-of-tune. They had cheered wildly with hoarse and totally unheard voices, the thirty-seven of them that were left. The crowd could not know they were cheering but somehow they did, somehow they understood that the circle between death-worship and death-wish had been completed for another year and the crowd went completely loopy, convulsing itself in greater and greater paroxysms. Garraty felt a stabbing, needling pain in the left side of his chest and was still unable to stop cheering, even though he understood he was driving at the very brink of disaster. 25

A shifty-eyed Walker named Milligan saved them all by falling to his knees, his eyes squeezed shut and his hands pressed to his temples, as if he were trying to hold his brains in. He slid forward on the end of his nose, abrading the tip of it on the road like soft chalk on a rough blackboard – how amazing, Garraty thought, that kid's wearing his nose away on the road – and then Milligan was mercifully blasted. After that the Walkers stopped cheering. Garraty was badly scared by the pain in his chest that was subsiding only partially. He promised that was the end of the craziness. 30

Stephen King, *The Long Walk* (1979)



In your answer to **Question 6**, you must compare at least **two** texts from the following list. At least one of these must be taken from the two texts given at the top of the list in bold type.

**George Orwell: *Nineteen Eighty-Four***  
**Margaret Atwood: *The Handmaid's Tale***

H G Wells: *The Time Machine*  
 Aldous Huxley: *Brave New World*  
 Ray Bradbury: *Fahrenheit 451*  
 Anthony Burgess: *A Clockwork Orange*  
 J G Ballard: *The Drowned World*  
 Doris Lessing: *Memoirs of a Survivor*  
 P D James: *The Children of Men*  
 Cormac McCarthy: *The Road*

Either

6 (a) George Orwell: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

'Dystopian writing is usually deeply pessimistic.'

By comparing *Nineteen Eighty-Four* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

Or

(b) Margaret Atwood: *The Handmaid's Tale*

'Dystopian writing often features the misuse of power.'

By comparing *The Handmaid's Tale* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

Or

(c) 'The imagined settings of dystopian novels reflect the social and historical contexts in which they were written.'

By comparing at least two texts prescribed for this topic, explore how far you agree with this view.

In your answer **you must include** discussion of either *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and/or *The Handmaid's Tale*.

[30]

## Women in Literature

Answer **Question 7**.

Then answer **one question** from **8(a), 8(b) or 8(c)**. You should spend 1 hour and 15 minutes on each question.

- 7** Write a critical appreciation of this passage, relating your discussion to your reading concerning Women in Literature. **[30]**

Mr. Pontellier had been a rather courteous husband so long as he met a certain tacit submissiveness in his wife. But her new and unexpected line of conduct completely bewildered him. It shocked him. Then her absolute disregard for her duties as a wife angered him. When Mr. Pontellier became rude, Edna grew insolent. She had resolved never to take another step backward. 5

"It seems to me the utmost folly for a woman at the head of a household, and the mother of children, to spend in an atelier<sup>1</sup> days which would be better employed contriving for the comfort of her family."

"I feel like painting," answered Edna. "Perhaps I shan't always feel like it."

"Then in God's name paint! but don't let the family go to the devil. There's Madame Ratignolle; because she keeps up her music, she doesn't let everything else go to chaos. And she's more of a musician than you are a painter." 10

"She isn't a musician, and I'm not a painter. It isn't on account of painting that I let things go."

"On account of what, then?" 15

"Oh! I don't know. Let me alone; you bother me."

It sometimes entered Mr. Pontellier's mind to wonder if his wife were not growing a little unbalanced mentally. He could see plainly that she was not herself. That is, he could not see that she was becoming herself and daily casting aside that fictitious self which we assume like a garment with which to appear before the world. 20

Her husband let her alone as she requested, and went away to his office. Edna went up to her atelier—a bright room in the top of the house. She was working with great energy and interest, without accomplishing anything, however, which satisfied her even in the smallest degree. For a time she had the whole household enrolled in the service of art. The boys posed for her. They thought it amusing at first, but the occupation soon lost its attractiveness when they discovered that it was not a game arranged especially for their entertainment. The quadrone<sup>2</sup> sat for hours before Edna's palette, patient as a savage, while the house-maid took charge of the children, and the drawing-room went undusted. But the housemaid, too, served her term as model when Edna perceived that the young woman's back and shoulders were molded on classic lines, and that her hair, loosened from its confining cap, became an inspiration. While Edna worked she sometimes sang low the little air, "Ah! si tu savais!"<sup>3</sup> 25

It moved her with recollections. She could hear again the ripple of the water, the flapping sail. She could see the glint of the moon upon the bay, and could feel the soft, gusty beating of the hot south wind. A subtle current of desire passed through her body, weakening her hold upon the brushes and making her eyes burn. 30

Kate Chopin, *The Awakening* (1899)

<sup>1</sup> *atelier*: artist's studio

<sup>2</sup> *quadrone*: term used historically to define the ancestry of people of mixed race, here indicating that the person in question has one quarter black ancestry.

<sup>3</sup> *Ah! Si tu savais!*: Oh, if only you knew!

In your answer to **Question 8**, you must compare at least **two** texts from the following list. At least one of these must be taken from the two texts given at the top of the list in bold type.

<p><b>Jane Austen: <i>Sense and Sensibility</i></b>  <b>Virginia Woolf: <i>Mrs Dalloway</i></b></p>
<p>Charlotte Brontë: <i>Jane Eyre</i>  George Eliot: <i>The Mill on the Floss</i>  Thomas Hardy: <i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>  D H Lawrence: <i>Women in Love</i>  Zora Neale Hurston: <i>Their Eyes Were Watching God</i>  Sylvia Plath: <i>The Bell Jar</i>  Toni Morrison: <i>The Bluest Eye</i>  Jeanette Winterson: <i>Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit</i></p>

**Either**

**8 (a)** Jane Austen: *Sense and Sensibility*

'Female characters in literature often dominate in home and family life.'

By comparing *Sense and Sensibility* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you have found this to be the case.

[30]

**Or**

**(b)** Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway*

'Capturing the woman's viewpoint often means telling the story in a completely new way.'

By comparing *Mrs Dalloway* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

**Or**

**(c)** 'Female characters in literature are often depicted as victims.'

By comparing at least two texts prescribed for this topic, explore how far you agree with this claim.

In your answer **you must include** discussion of either *Sense and Sensibility* and/or *Mrs Dalloway*.

[30]

## The Immigrant Experience

## Answer Question 9.

Then answer **one question** from **10(a), 10(b) or 10(c)**. You should spend 1 hour and 15 minutes on each question.

- 9 Write a critical appreciation of this passage, relating your discussion to your reading concerning the Immigrant Experience. [30]

When we arrived in New York Bay it was already winter, and the ground was covered with a hard brittle coat of snow. The whole harbor, as far as our eyes could reach, seemed to have been enameled with one vigorous sweep of the brush: standing on the deck, the sun high overhead, it hurt our eyes to look upon so much whiteness.

5

Near us the water was green and transparent, and farther away it was very blue and seemed dirty. The tugboats maneuvered noisily about our ship, belched smoke from their chimneys, and sent soot flying up the deck and into our faces. It was foggy in the bay, and other boats roared distractingly.

As the city came to meet us, as the greyness of its aspect became greyer still, and its skyscrapers towered all the time higher and higher above us, we felt small, frightened, cowed. The New World breathed a chill upon us and this chill, we felt, was not due entirely to the season.

10

When the ship came as near to the shore as it could, the tugboats disengaged themselves and steamed quickly out of the way; afterwards there was a rattling of rusty chains, the huge anchor hit the water with a booming sound, sending spray in all directions.

15

There were shouts from the water below: small boats drew up alongside the ship, and their occupants tried to attract the attention of the immigrants on board. These shouts were followed by frantic yells of recognition on both sides, and a package containing oranges was hurled up from below; the paper tore and the oranges went rolling over the deck, pursued by screaming women and children. Other packages were aimed too low and fell back into the water with a splash, and the occupants of the small boats instinctively covered their faces with their hands.

20

A shout, followed by another, calling my mother's name. It was shrill and seemed to come from far off. We all crowded to the railing of the ship, but my mother was the only one who could look over it and into the water below. My oldest sister was fourteen, I was thirteen, and the youngest girl was nine; but our hard life had left us too short and thin for our ages.

25

We climbed the railing till our knees touched the topmost beam, and we could see the skyscrapers and all the rest of the harbor hanging head downward in the water. But mother was too moved, too agitated to take care we should not fall overboard. She waved, and we followed the sweep of her hand; we strained our eyes.

30

It was father.

35

I was the first of the children to recognize him and, with an unhappy instinct, tried to gauge my feelings towards him. He had left me a five year old child, and now I was a growing boy. But this moment did not have the same meaning for me that it had for the others.

My oldest sister was wild with joy, and cried freely; she remembered the good side of father because he had been kinder to her than to all the rest. I remembered nothing but a child's bitterness and frustration and pain. The youngest child was still in the cradle when he had sailed, and now she tugged mother by the sleeve and said:

40

"Which one is *my* father, mother?"

45

Alexander Godin, 'My Dead Brother Comes to America' (1934)

In your answer to **Question 10**, you must compare at least **two** texts from the following list. At least one of these must be taken from the two texts given at the top of the list in bold type.

<p><b>Henry Roth: <i>Call it Sleep</i></b>  <b>Mohsin Hamid: <i>The Reluctant Fundamentalist</i></b></p>
<p>Upton Sinclair: <i>The Jungle</i>  Philip Roth: <i>Goodbye Columbus</i>  Timothy Mo: <i>Sour Sweet</i>  Jhumpa Lahiri: <i>The Namesake</i>  Monica Ali: <i>Brick Lane</i>  Andrea Levy: <i>Small Island</i>  Kate Grenville: <i>The Secret River</i>  John Updike: <i>Terrorist</i></p>

**Either**

**10 (a)** Henry Roth: *Call it Sleep*

'In the literature of immigration, younger immigrants accept change more readily than older ones.'

By comparing *Call it Sleep* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

**Or**

**(b)** Mohsin Hamid: *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*

'In the literature of immigration, heroism is hard to find.'

By comparing *The Reluctant Fundamentalist* with at least one other text prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

[30]

**Or**

**(c)** 'Immigrants in literature often feel compelled to rediscover their roots.'

By comparing at least two texts prescribed for this topic, discuss how far you agree with this view.

In your answer **you must include** discussion of either *Call it Sleep* and/or *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*.

[30]

**END OF QUESTION PAPER**





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